

THE
Mock Mourners.

A
SATYR;

By way of

ELEGY

ON

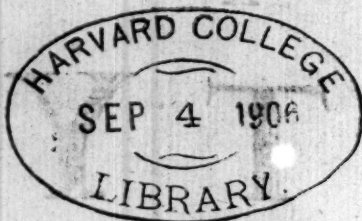
King *WILLIAM.*

The Fourth Edition Corrected.

By the Author of

The True-born Englishman.

London, Printed 1702.



Gratis

The True-born Englishman.

London Printed 1704.

T O T H E
Q U E E N .

MADAM,
YOUR Majesty has so often declar'd Your just Concern for the Nations Loss, and Your Value for the Memory of the late King: You have so publickly approv'd his Conduct, so visibly mov'd in the same Steps, and pursu'd the wise Measures of this Your Glorious Ancestor, that it cannot be thought displeasing to Your Majesty, to reprehend those who make a Mock at the Sorrow of Your Majesty and Three Nations.

Your Majesty was the first who told us he cou'd not be sufficiently lamented. May those who are not of the same Mind find no Favour with Your Majesty, nor their Maker, till they repent that Sin against his Merit, and the Voice of their Native Country.

Here are no Reflections upon Your Majesties Household, or Council, or Courts of Justice, or either House of Parliament, and consequently no Offence against Your Royal Proclamation. 'Twou'd be an Affront to Your Majesty to imagine there were any under all those Heads of Your Government cou'd deserve the Reproof of the following Satyr.

Your

To the QUEEN.

Your Majesty has an entire Possession of the Hearts of Your People, but their Affection is still the deeper rooted by that generous Sorrow you have express'd for the Loss of him to whom they owe the full Possession of their Liberty under Your Government.

How they can be faithful Subjects to Your Majesty that were not true Friends to such a King, is a Mystery out of humane Understanding, since the Happiness we enjoy by Your Government proceeds from his defending us against those who wou'd not have had Your Majesty to Reign over us.

'Twould be a Crime against Your Majesty, which deserv'd no Pardon to suggest you shou'd be offended at that part of the Satyr which points at our Immoralities: Your Majesties Example, as well as Command, has encourag'd us all to declare War against Vice, and there we are sure of Your Royal Protection.

For the rest, if an extraordinary Concern for the Glorious Memory of the late King has led the Author into any Excesses, he begs Your Majesty wou'd place it to the Account of that just Passion every honest Man retains for his extraordinary Merit; believing that no Man can have an Indifferency for the Memory of King William, and at the same time have any Desire for the Welfare of his Native Country.

While Your Majesty pursues the true Interest of England, the Protestant Religion, and the Welfare of Europe, as he did, you will have the same Enemies that he had, the same to oppose You abroad, and reproach You at home; but You will thereby engage all Your honest Subjects to adhere the firmer to their Duty, all Your Protestant Neighbours to depend upon Your Protection, and God shall Crown Your Majesty and these Nations with His Special Favour and Benediction.

Amen.

SATYR, &c.

SUCH has been this Ill-Natur'd Nations Fate,
 Always to see their Friends and Foes too late;
 By Native Pride, and want of Temper led,
 Never to value Merit till 'tis Dead :
 And then Immortal Monuments they raise,
 And Damn their Former Follies by their Praise,
 With just Reproaches Rail at their own Vice,
 And Mourn for those they did before despise :
 So they who *Moses* Government defied,
 Sincerely sorrow'd for him when he Died.

And so when *Brittain's* Genius fainting lay,
 Summon'd by Death, which Monarchs must obey :
 Trembling, and Soul-less half the Nation stood,
 Upbraided by their own Ingratitude.

They, who with true born Honesty before,
 Grudg'd him the Trophies he so justly wore,
 Were, with his Fate, more than himself dismay'd,
 Not for their King, but for themselves afraid.
 He had their Rights and Liberties restor'd,
 In Battle purchas'd, and by Peace secur'd :
 And they with *English* Gratitude began,
 To feel the Favour and despise the Man.
 But when they saw that his Protection ceas'd,
 And Death had their Deliverer possess'd ;
 How Thunder struck they stood ! What cries they rais'd !
 They look't like Men Distracted and Amaz'd :
 Their Terror did their Conscious Guilt explain,
 And wish't their injur'd Prince Alive again.

They

They Dream't of Halters, Gibbets and of Jails,

French Armies, Popery and Prince of *Wales*,

Descents, Invasions, Uproars in the State,

Mobs, Irish Massacres, and God knows what :

Imaginary Enemies appear'd,

And all they knew they Merited, they Fear'd.

'Tis strange that Pride and Envy should prevail,

To make Men's Sense as well as Vertue fail :

That where they must depend they should abuse,

And slight the Man they were afraid to loose.

But *William* had not Govern'd Fourteen Year,

To be an unconcern'd Spectator here :

His Works like Providence were all Complear,

And made a Harmony we Wonder'd at.

The Legislative Power he set Free,

And led them step by step to Liberty,

'Twas not his Fault if they could not Agree.

Impartial Justice He Protected so,
 The Laws did in their Native Channels flow,
 From whence our sure Establishment begun,
 And *William* laid the first Foundation Stone:
 On which the stately Fabrick soon appear'd,
 How cou'd they sink when such a Pilot steer'd?
 He taught them due defences to prepare,
 And make their future Peace their present care:
 By him directed, Wisely they Decreed,
 What Lines shou'd be expell'd, and what succeed;
 That now he's Dead, there's nothing to be done,
 But to take up the Scepter he laid down.

The Circle of this Order is so round,
 So Regular as nothing can confound:
 In Truth and Justice all the Lines commence,
 And Reason is the vast circumference:
William's the moving Centre of the whole,
 'T had else a Body been without a Soul.

Fenc't with just Laws, impregnable it stands,
And will for ever last in *Honest Hands*,

For Truth and Justice are the Immortal Springs,
Give Life to Constitutions and to Kings :
In either case, if one of these decay,
These can no more Command than those obey :
Right is the only Fountain of Command,
The Rock on which Authority must stand.
And if executive Power steps awry,
On either hand it splits on Tyranny :
Oppression is a plague on Mankind sent,
Infects the Vitals of a Government.
Convulsions follow, and such Vapours rise,
The Constitution Suffocates and Dies :
Law is the Grand Specific to restore,
And unobstructed, never fails to Cure,
All other Remedies compar'd to that,
Are Tampering and Quacking with the State.

The

The Constitution's like a vast Machine,
 That's full of curious Workmanship within :
 Where tho' the parts unwieldly may appear,
 It will be put in Motion with a Hair.
 The Wheels are Officers and Magistrates,
 By which the whole contrivance operates :
 Laws are the Weights and Springs which make it move,
 Wound up by Kings as Managers above ;
 Which if they'r screw'd too high or down too low,
 The movement goes too fast or else too flow.
 The Legislators are the Engineers,
 Who when 'tis out of Order make Repairs :
The People are the Owners, 'twas for them,
 The first Inventor drew the Ancient Scheme.
'Tis for their Benefit it works, and they
 The Charges of maintaining it defray :
 And if their Governours unfaithful prove,
They, Engineers or Mannagers remove,

Unkind

Unkind Contention sometimes there appears,
 Between the Managers and Engineers,
 Such strife is always to the Owners wrong,
 And *once* it made the work stand still too long.
 Till *William* came and loos'd the Fatal Chain,
 And set the Engineers to work again :
 And having made the wondrous thing compleat,
 To *Anne's* unerring hand he left the Helm of State.

Anne like *Elisba* when just *William* went,
 Receiv'd the Mantle of his Government :
 And by Divine Concession does inherit,
 A Double Portion of his Ruling Spirit.
 The Dying Hero loaded with Renown,
 Gave her the Nations Blessing with the Crown,
 From God, the People, and the Laws her own.
 Told her that he had Orders from on High,
 To lay aside the Government and Dye :

What:

What he had Fought for, gave her up in Peace,
 And cheer'd her Royal Heart with Prospect of Success.
 While he, who Death in all its Shapes had seen,
 With full Composure quiet and serene,
 Passive and undisturb'd at his Fate,
 Quitted the English Throne without Regret.
 No Conscious Guilt disturb'd his Royal Breast,
 Calm as the Regions of Eternal Rest :
 Before his Life went out, his Heaven came in,
 For all was bright without and clear within.
 The blest Rewards did to his sight appear,
 The Passage easie, and the prospect near :
 His parting Eye the gladfom Regions spied,
Just so before, his Dear Maria Dyed.

His High concern for *England* he express't,
England, the Darling of his Royal Breast :
 The Transports of his parting Soul he spent,
 Her dis-united Parties to Lament,

His Wishes then supplied his want of Power,
 And Pray'd for them, for whom he Fought before.

Speak Envy, if thou canst, inform us what
 Cou'd this unthankful Nation Murmur at ?-
 But Discontent was always our Disease,
 For *English-men* what Government can please.
 We always had our Sons of *Belial* here,
 Who knew no God nor Government to Fear :
 No Wonder these dislik'd his Gentle sway,
 Unwilling Homage to his Scepter Pay,
 And only did for want of Power, Obey.

Some soft excuse for them we might contrive,
 Had he not been the Gentlest Prince Alive :
 Had he not born with an exalted Mind,
 All that was disobliging and unkind.
 Peaceful and Tender Thoughts his Mind possess'd,
 And High Superior Love conceal'd the rest :

Our

Our Discontents wou'd oft his Pity move,
 But all his Anger was suppress'd by Love.
 That Heaven-born Passion had subdu'd his Soul,
 Possess'd the greatest part, and Rul'd the whole :
 This made him strive his People to possess,
 Which he had done, had he oblig'd 'em less.
 He knew that Titles are but empty things,
 And Hearts of Subjects are the strength of Kings :
 Justice and Kindness were his constant care,
 He scorn'd to Govern Mankind by their Fear.

Their Universal Love he strove to Gain,
 'Twas hard that we should make him strive in vain :
 That he should here our English Humours find,
 And we, that he had sav'd, shou'd be unkind.
 By all endearing stratagems he strove,
 To draw us by the secret springs of Love :
 And when he could not Cure our Discontent,
 It always was below him to Resent.

Nature

Nature was never seen in such excess,
 All Fury when Abroad, at Home all Peace:
 In War all Fire and Blood, in Peace enclin'd,
 To all that's Sweet, and Gentle, Soft and Kind,
 Ingratitude for this, must needs Commence,
In want of Honesty, or want of Sence.

When King's to Luxury and Ease Resign'd,
 Their Native Countries just defence declin'd ;
 This High pretending Nation us'd to plead,
 What they'd perform had they a King to lead.
 What Wondrous Actions had by them been done,
 When they had Martial Monarchs to lead on ?
 And if their Prince would but with *France* make War,
 What Troops of English Heroes wou'd appear ?

William the bottom of their Courage found,
 False like themselves, meer emptiness and sound :
 For call'd by Fate to Fight for *Christendom*,
 They sent their King abroad, and stay'd at Home ;

Wisely declin'd the hazards of the War,
 To Nourish Faction and Disorders here,
 Wrapt in Luxurious plenty they Debauch,
 And load their Active Monarch with Reproach;
 They stay at Home and teach him to command,
 And Judge those Actions which they dare not mend.
 Backward in Deeds, but of their Censures free,
 And blame that Conduct they'r afraid to see:
 Against the hand that saves them they exclaim,
 And Curse the strangers, tho' they Fight for them.
 Tho' some who wou'd excuse the matter say,
They did not grudge their Service, but their Pay:

Where are the Royal bands that now advance,
 To spread his dreadful Banners into *France*.
Britannia's Noble Sons her Interest fly,
 And Foreign Heroes must their place supply;
Much for the Fame of our Nobility.

}
Posterity

Posterity will be ashamed to hear,
 Great *Britain's* Monarch did in Arms appear,
 And scarce an *English* Nobleman was there.

Our Ancestors had never Conquer'd *France*,
 For *Kingdoms* seldom are subdu'd by Chance :
 Had *Talbott*, *Vere* and *Montacute* with-held,
 The Glory, for the danger of the Field.

Had *English* Honesty been kept alive,
 The Ancient *English* Glory would survive :
 But Gallantry and Courage will decline,
 Where Pride and all Confederate Vices joyn.

Had we kept up the Fame of former Years,
Landen had been as Famous as *Poitiers* ;
Ormond and *Essex* had not Fought alone,
 The only *English* Lords our Verse can own :
 The only Peers of whom the World can say,
 That they for Honour Fought, and not for Pay.

A Regimented *Few* we had indeed,
 Who serv'd for neither Pride nor Fame, but Bread :
 Some Bully L—s, *Protection P—s*, and some
 Went out, because they durst not stay at Home.
 Loaded with Noxious Vices they appear,
 A scandal to the Nation and the War :
 Heroes in Midnight scuffles with the Watch,
 And Lewd enough an Army to Debauch.
 Flesh't with cold Murthers and from Justice fled,
 Pursu'd by Blood, in Drink and Darkness shed :
 In vain they strive with Bravery to appear,
For where there's Guilt, there always will be Fear.
 These are the Pillars of the English Fame,
 Such Peers as History must blush to Name.

When future Records to the World relate,
Marsaglia's Field and Gallant *Schomberg's* Fate :
 W——— was *Captive made*, it was severe,
 Fate took the *Honest Man*, and left the *Peer*.

The World owes Fame for Ages long before,
 To the Great file of *W*—— which he bore :
 But when we come the branches to compare,
 'Tis a *Hero* Ancestor, a *Bully* Heir :
 The Vertues the Posterity forsake,
 And all their Gallant Blood is dwindl'd to a *Rake*.
 More might be said, but *Satyr* stay thy Rhimes,
 And mix not his misfortunes with his Crimes ;
 We need not Rake the Ashes of the Dead,
There's living Characters enough to Read.

How cou'd this Nation ever think of Peace ?
 Or how look up to Heaven for Success ?
 While lawless Vice in Fleets and Camps appear'd,
 And Oaths were louder than their Cannon heard :
 No wonder English *Israel* has been said,
 Before the French *Philistines* Fleet t' ha' fled.
 While *T*——— Embrac'd with Whores appear'd,
And Vice it self the Royal Navy Steer'd.

William.

William oppos'd their Crimes with steady hand,
 By his Example First, and then Command,
 Prompted the Laws their Vices to suppress,
 For which no doubt the Guilty Lov'd him less.

Ye Sons of Envy Railers at the Times,
 Be bold like English-Men and own your Crimes :
 For shame put on no Black, but let us see
 Your Habits always, and your Tongues agree.
 Envy ne'r Blushes : Let it not be said,
 You Hate him Living and you Mourn him Dead :
 No Sorrow show where you no Love profess,
There are no Hypocrites in Wickedness.
 Great Bonfires make, and tell the World y'are glad
 Y' have lost the greatest Blessing e're you had :
 So Mad-Men sing in Nakedness and Chains,
 For when the Sense is gone, the Song remains.
 So Thankless *Israel*, when they were set free,
 Reproach't the Author of their Liberty :

And

And wisht themselves in *Egypt* back again ;
 What pity 'twas they wisht, or wisht in vain ?

Stop Satyr, let *Britannia* now relate
 Her *William's* Character, and her own Fate ;
 Let her to him a grateful Trophy raise,
 She best can sigh his Loss that sung his Praise.

B R I T A N N I A.

Of all my Sons by Tyranny bereft,
 A Widow desolate and Childless left,
 By Violence and Injury oppress'd,
 To Heaven I cast my Eyes, and sigh'd the rest.
 I need but sigh, for I was always heard,
 And *William* on my welcome Shores appear'd.
 With Wings of speed to rescue me he came,
 And all my Sorrows vanish into Flame,
 New Joys sprung up, new Triumphs now abound,
 And all my Virgin Daughters hear the sound :
 Eternal Dances move upon my Plains,
 And youthful Blood springs in my ancient Veins.
 With open Arms I yielded my Embrace,
 And *William* saw the Beauties of my Face.

D

He

He had before the knowledge of my Charms,

For he had my Maria in his Arms.

While he remain'd, I gave eternal Spring,

Made him my Son, my Darling, and my King ;

While all the wondring World my Choice approve,

Congratulate his Fate, and justifie my Love.

Of *British* Blood in *Belgian* Plains he liv'd,

My only Foreign Off-spring that surviv'd.

Batavian Climates nourisht him a while,

Too great a Genius for so damp a Soil :

And freely then surrendred him to me,

For wise Men freely will the Fates obey.

Yet in my *William* they had equal Share,

And he defended them with equal Care.

They were the early Trophies of his Sword,

His Infant Hand their Liberty restor'd.

His Nurse, the Belgick Lion, roar'd for Aid,

And planted early Lawrels on his Head.

His easie Victories amaz'd Mankind ;

We wonder'd what the dreadful Youth design'd.

Fearless

Fearless he Fought his Country to set Free,
 And with his Sword Cut out their Liberty.
 The Journals of his Actions always seem'd
 So wonderful, as if the World had dream'd :

So swift, so full of Terror he went on;
 He was a Conqueror before a Man.

The *Bourbon* Sword, tho' it was brighter far,
 Yet drawn for Conquest, and oppressive War,
 Had all the Triumphs of the World Engrost,
 But quickly all those Triumphs to him lost.
 Justice to *William* early Trophies brought ;
 William for Truth and Justice always fought ;

He was the very Mystery of War,
 He gain'd by't when he was not Conqueror.
 And if his Enemies a Battel won,
 He might be beaten, they wou'd be undone.
Anteus like from every fall he rose,
 Strengthen'd with double Vigor to oppose ;
 Those Actions Mankind judg'd Unfortunate,
 Serv'd but as secret Steps to make him Great.

Then let them boast their Glory at *Landen*,
 In vain th' Embattl'd Squadrons crowded in,
 Their's was the Victory, the Conquest mine.

Of all the Heroes, Ages past adore,
 Back to the first Great Man, and long before ;
 Tho' Virtue has sometimes with Valour join'd,
 The Barren World no Parallel can find.

If back to *Israel's* Tents I thou'd retire,
 And of the *Hebrew* Heroes there enquire,
 I find no Hand did *Judah's* Scepter wear,
 Comes up to *William's* Modern Character.
Namure's Gygantick Towers he o'erthrew ;
David did less when he *Goliath* flew.
 Here's no *Uriah's* for Adult'ry slain,
 Nor Oaths forgot to faithful *Jonathan*.
 And if to *Jesse's* Grandson we ha' recourse,
William his Wisdom had *without his Whores*.

Joshua might still ha' staid on *Jordan's* Shore,
 Must he, as *William* did the *Boyne*, pass o'er.

Almighty

Almighty Power was forc'd to interpose,
 And frighted both the Water and his Foes :
 But had my *William* been to pass that Stream,
 God needed not to part the Waves for him.
 Not Forty Thousand *Canaanites* cou'd stand,
 In spight of Waves or *Canaanites* he'd land:
 Such Streams ne'er stemm'd his Tide of Victory;
 No, not the Stream; no, nor the Enemy.

His Bombs and Cannon wou'd ha' made the Wall,
 Without the Help of Jewish Rams-Horns, fall.
 When his dear *Israel* from their Foes had fled,
 Because of stolln Spoils by *Achan* hid:
 He'd ne'er, like *Joshua*, on the Ground ha' laid,
 He'd certainly ha' fought as well as pray'd.

The Sun would rather ha' been thought to stay,
 Amaz'd to see how soon he had won the Day,
 Than to give time the *Canaanites* to slay.

The greatest Captains of the Ages past,
 Debauch'd their Fame with Cruelty at last:



William

William did only Tyrants subdue;
 These conquer'd Kings, and then the People too:
 The Subjects reap'd no Profit for their Pains,
 And only chang'd their Masters, not their Chains;
 Their Victories did for themselves appear,
 And made their Peace as dreadful as the War:
 But *William* fought Oppression to destroy,
 That Mankind might in Peace the World enjoy.

The *Pompeys*, *Cæsars*, *Scipio's*, *Alexanders*,
 Who croud the World with Fame, were great Com-
 (manders:
 These too brought Blood and Ruin with their Arms,
 But *William* always fought on other Terms:
 Terror indeed might in his Front appear,
 But Peace and Plenty follow'd in his Rear:
 And if Oppression forc'd him to contend,
 Calmness was all his Temper, Peace his End:
 He was the only Man we e'er saw fit
 To regulate the World, or conquer it.

Who

Who can his Skill in Government Gainsay,
 He that cou'd *England's* brittle Scepter sway,
 Where Parties too much rule, and Kings obey?
 He always reign'd by Gentleness and Love,
 An Emblem of the Government above.

Vote me not Childless then in Christendom,
 I yet have Sons in my suspended Womb;
 And 'till just Fate such due Provision makes,
 A Daughter my Protection undertakes.
 Crowns know no Sexes, and my Government
 To either Kind admits a just Descent.
 Queens have to me been always fortunate,
 E'er since my *English Phoenix* rul'd the State;
 Who made my People rich, my Country great.

Satyr be just, and when we lash their Crimes,
 Mingle some Tears for *William* with our Rhimes.
 Tho' Baseness and Ingratitude appear,
 Thank Heaven that we ha' weeping Millions here:
 Then speak our hearty Sorrows if you can,
 Superior Grief in feeling Words explain:

Accents

Accents that wound, and all the Senses numb,
 And while they speak may strike the Hearer dumb:
 Such Grief as never was for King before,
 And such as never, never shall be more.

See how Authority comes weeping on,
 And view the Queen lamenting on his Throne.
 With just Regret she takes the Sword of State,
 Not by her Choice directed, but his Fate;
 Accepts the sad Necessity with Tears,
 And mournfully for Government prepares.
 The Peoples Acclamations she receives
 With sadden'd Joy, and a Content that grieves.

View next the sad Assemblies that appear,
 To tell their Grief for Him, and Joy for Her.
 The first confounds the last with such Excess,
 They hardly can their noble Thoughts express.
 The illustrious Troop address her to condole,
 And speak such Grief as wounds her to the Soul:
 They lodge their Sorrows in the Royal Breast;
The Harbour where the Nation looks for Rest.

Nex^t

Next these, the Representatives arise,
With all the Nation's Sorrow in their Eyes.

The Epithets they righteously apply
To the Restorer of their Liberty,
Are Tokens of their Sence and Honesty.

*For as a Body we were always true,
But 'tis our Parties that our Peace undo.*

Who can like them the Peoples Grief exprefs?

They shew her all the Tokens of Excess:

O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, and suppress'd with Care,

They place the Nation's Refuge now in her:

Nothing but her Succession cou'd abate

The Nation's Sorrow for their Monarch's Fate:

And nothing but his Fate cou'd their true Joy

For her Succession lessen or destroy.

The Civil Sword to her, as Heaven saw fit,

With general Satisfaction they commit:

How can it in a Hand like hers miscarry?

But who shall for us wield the Military?

E

Who

Who shall the jarring Generals unite ;
 First teach them to agree, and then to fight ?
 Who shall renew'd Alliances contrive,
 And keep the vast Confederacies alive ?
 Who shall the growing Gallick Force subdue ?
 'Twas more than all the World, but him, cou'd do.

Sighs for departed Friends are senseless things,
 But 'tis not so when Nations mourn for Kings:
 VVhen wounded Kingdoms such a Loss complain,
 As Nature never can repair again ;
 The Tyrant Grief, like Love, obeys no Laws,
 But blindly views the Effect, and not the Cause.

Dark are the VVorks of Sovereign Providence,
 And often clash with our contracted Sence :
 But if we might with Heavens Decrees debate,
 And of our Maker's VVorks expostulate,
 VVhy shou'd he form a Mind supremely great,
 And to his Charge commit the Reins of Fate,
 And at one hasty Blow the VVorld defeat ?
 A Blow so sudden, so severe and swift,
 VVe had no time for Supplication left :

As

As if Almighty Power had been afraid,
 Such Prayers wou'd by such Multitudes be made ;
 Such *Moses's* wou'd to his Altars go,
 To whom he never did, or wou'd say no ;
 He hardly cou'd know how to strike the Blow.

For Prayer so much the Sovereign Power commands,
 Ev'n God himself sometimes as conquer'd stands,
 And calls for Quarter at the VVrestler's Hands.

How Strenuous then had been the Sacred Strife,
 VVhile all the kneeling VVorld had begg'd his Life,
 VVith all that Earnestness of Zeal, and more
 Than ever Nation begg'd for King before ?
 See how the neighbouring Lands his Fame improve,
 And by their Sorrows testifie their Love ;
 Sprinkle his Memory with grateful Tears,
 And hand his Glory to succeeding Years.

VVith what Contempt will *English* Men appear,
 VVhen future Ages read his Character ?

They'll never bear to hear in time to come,
 How he was lov'd abroad, and scorn'd at home.
 The VWorld will scarce believe it cou'd be true,
 And Vengeance must such Insolence pursue.
 Our Nation will by all Men be abhorr'd,
 And *William's* juster Fame be so restor'd.

Posterity, when Histories relate
 His Glorious Deeds, will ask, *What Giant's that?*
 For common Vertues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.
 Its real Merit does it self undo,
 Men talk it up so high, it can't be true:
 So *William's* Life, encreas'd by doubling Fame,
 VWill drown his Actions to preserve his Name.
 The Annals of his Conduct they'll revise,
 As Legends of Impossibilities.
 Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
 Too great for Him to do, or Them to hear.
 And if some faithful VWriter shou'd set down
With what Uneasiness he wore the Crown;

What

What thankless Devil had the Land possess'd,
 This will be more prodigious than the rest.
 With Indignation 'twill their Minds inspire,
 And raise the Glory of his Actions higher.
 The Records of their Fathers they'll Deface,
 And blush to think they sprung from such a Race.
 They'll be asham'd their Ancestors to own,
 And strive their Father's Follies to atone.
 New Monuments of Gratitude they'll raise,
 And Crown his Memory with Thanks and Praise.

Thou, Satyr, shalt the grateful Few rehearse,
 And solve the Nation's Credit in thy Verse;
 Embalm his Name with Characters of Praise,
 His Fame's beyond the Power of Time to raise.

From him let future Monarchs learn to Rule,
 And make his lasting Character their School.
 For he who wou'd in time to come be Great,
Has nothing now to do but imitate.
 Let dying Parents when they come to bless,
 Wish to their Children only his Success.

Her

Here their Instructions very well may end,
 William's Example only recommend,
 And leave the Youth his History t'attend.

But we have here an Ignominious Croud,
 That boast their Native Birth and English Blood,
 Whose Breasts with Envy and Contention burn,
 And now rejoice when all the Nations mourn:
 Their awkward Triumphs openly they Sing;
 Insult the Ashes of their injur'd King;
 Rejoice at the Disasters of his Crown;
And Drink the Horse's Health that threm him down.

Blush, Satyr, when such Crimes we must reveal,
 And draw a silent Curtain to conceal.
 Actions so vile shall ne'er debauch our Song;
Let Heaven alone, tho' Justice suffers long.
 Her Leaden Wings, and Iron Hands, may show
 That she is certain, tho' she may be slow.
 His Foreign Birth was made the Fam'd Pretence,
 Which gave our Home-Born Englishmen Offence.
 But Discontent's the ancient English Fashion,
 The universal Blemish of the Nation.

And

And 'tis a Question, whether God cou'd make
 That King whom every Englishman wou'd like?
 Nor is it any Paradox to say,
 William *had more of English Blood than they*;
 The *Royal Life* flow'd in his sprightly Veins,
 The same that in the *Noble Stock* remains;
 The same which now his Glorious Scepter weilds,
 To whom Three Nations just Obedience yeilds.

ANNE, the remaining Glory of our Isle,
 Well she becomes the Royal English Stile:
 In William's Steps sedately she proceeds,
 William's *a Patern to immortal Deeds*.
 Preserves his Memory with generous Care;
Forgetting him is Disobliging her;
 Where shall the murmuring Party then appear!
 Where wou'd the Nation, but for her, ha' found
 So safe a Cure for such a sudden Wound?
 And cou'd she but as well the Camp supply,
 The World the sooner wou'd their grief lay by;
 But there the Fatal Breach is made so wide,
 That Loss can never, never be ----supply'd.

Ye Men of Arms, and English Sons of War,
Now learn from him how you may Fight for her ;
 Your Grief for him expresse upon her Foes,
For William lov'd such Funeral Tears as those.

'Tis *William's* Glorious Scepter which she bears,
 Like *William* she for Liberty appears.
 She Mounts to Honour by the Steps of Truth,
 And his Example Imitates in Both.
 'Tis you must make her blooming Fame Increase,
 'Tis you must bring her Honour, Wealth and Peace :
 And let it once more to the World be seen,
Nothing can make us Greater than a Queen.

F I N I S.